

Confrontations

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Confrontations

by [RedRosella](#)

Summary

After the crazy interdimensional galactic battle that Little King John didn't even want to be a part of in the first place, John just wanted to move on. The events surrounding Summer Solstice Baby weren't exactly a part of his past that he was keen to revisit, but it wasn't something he could ignore either if he wanted to get better. He just didn't think a confrontation would happen this soon.

Notes

The art is done by the wonderful and amazing liliuma! Check out them out on tumblr at <https://liliumaa.tumblr.com/>

This was a really tough fic to do. Ratboy Genius relies heavily on music, and I came to the conclusion near the ending that 'man, this would be exactly where a song would start'. So that's exactly what I had to do. And man, writing lyrics in a story is tough. I have the tune in my head, but I obviously can't get it across, so you'll just have to imagine one for yourself, or read it like a poem.

For the lyrics, the underlined text is LKJ, the italicized text is SSB, and the underlined and italicized is both at the same time.



The Ratboy Genius was coming to visit Minecraft.

That in itself was already a big deal. The Ratboy hadn't been to Little King John's world since years ago, long before the Galactic Friends and the Big Fish Boss fiasco. He hadn't been there when the Flood occurred, hadn't seen the world covered entirely in water. He hadn't seen John's new kingdom.

And normally, John would be at least a little bit excited to hear this. After the Big Fish Boss, their relationship became less strained, and maybe, possibly, in some small sense of the word they could be called friends. It would be interesting to show the world he's created to Ratboy-maybe brag a little about the prosperity that has graced his land, the people that were finding refuge day after day.

What was not exciting, however, was the fact that he wasn't coming alone.

No, he wasn't just going to astral project himself into John's world for a small day trip and leave it at that. Instead he was going to hop on Happyman and Green Monster's bike, and

come with them and the Summer Solstice Baby.

The same Summer Solstice Baby that John had kidnapped when he was younger- the thing that started this entire mess, had led him to meeting Ratboy in the first place. The thing that set John's life askew by introducing him to this entire mess of a multiverse.

"It'll be okay, John," Sneezy said as the king paced around the grounds, an angry lilt in his step. He didn't know who or what he was mad at, but he just knew that he was mad, and he had to get it out or else he'd start teleporting all over the place. That was a fun realization, knowing any time he got mad he could be liable to teleport who knows where because that's something that happens now, apparently.

"When did they say they'll come here?" John asked, confirming for the thousandth time.

"Sometime in the afternoon. Don't worry, John. I'm sure they'll like it here. You've done a really good job fixing up this kingdom and making it a livable place."

"I'm not worried about that!" Little King John stretched his neck out to give Sneezy a hard stare. "I know my kingdom is the best! I just don't want to see..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but Sneezy knew exactly what he was referring to. Though they had never really addressed the subject, Sneezy knowing that it was a sensitive topic and bringing it up could yield disaster, it was something he was briefed on before his mission.

"You've met Summer Solstice Baby before, right? On the Starship Genius?" Sneezy asked.

John paused.

"Baby," Little King John greeted with no inflection.

She stared at him, a cold glare that wasn't pulling any punches. "Little King John," she replied tersely.

No other words were spoken.

He shrugged. "Barely."

Sneezy sighed. “John, Baby is coming here of her own accord. If she didn’t want to see you, she wouldn’t have come.” Truth be told, Sneezy didn’t know Baby all that well, but he had a hard time believing that a strong independent woman like her would ever do anything she didn’t want. Besides, from what he was told, the incident was years ago. They were all young and naive. Kids make mistakes, surely they’d realize that. Sneezy hoped they would, at least.

At the very least, Sneezy was sure they’d notice all the progress John was making. He wasn’t who he used to be in the past- not even the person he was when The Flood first began. He had grown so much, and Sneezy could tell he truly did regret his actions. He doubted the John he knew on the ship would have, too caught up in his own world. Learning that his universe was only a speck in the vast ocean of the multiverse definitely did pull you out of your own narcissism pretty effectively.

“I know, but...” John was struggling to say the words. He still couldn’t quite get over the hurdle of admitting his own weaknesses, even to his closest friend. “What do I say?”

How were you supposed to tell someone ‘hey, I’m sorry for kidnapping you. I was a kid who was put in charge of a kingdom on my own at a young age and it kind of messed with me, and I’m only just now trying to better with the help of my one and only friend’?

You don’t. That’s what Little King John was taught growing up. Don’t go back on anything that you’ve done. It makes you look weak, and a leader cannot look weak.

...Looking back on it, a lot of his behaviors were just him being told certain qualities were not befitting of a leader. Maybe that’s part of why the Ratboy Genius made him so mad. He was the leader of his own kingdom- a kingdom that he named after HIMSELF- and yet he was there doing whatever he wanted, no idea of what it actually takes to rule a kingdom.

But back on the topic of the Baby, there was no possible combination of words that would explain or justify or even just apologize for what happened. A small part of him still did feel like he was in the right there- although he was learning to ignore that part of himself. An apology would just feel fake, though, when he was still working through all of his own issues.

If only this was happening in a year. By then John would have figured everything out, his kingdom would be even more well put together, and he would have more than a days warning that the person he kidnapped as an adolescent was coming to meet him for the first time in years.

“They’re here John,” Sneezy said, snapping the king out of his thoughts. Sure enough, ahead of them Green Monster and Happyman’s car was close, with the Ratboy Genius and Summer Solstice Baby in tow. They quickly parked the car and jumped out, and John was all too soon face to face with Baby.

Back on the ship, things were too chaotic, but here he could really see just how much she had grown up. The most glaring difference was a small scar on her cheek, remnants of that final battle, and she was wearing it like a badge of honor.

“Little King John,” she said curtly.

“Baby.”

Ratboy Genius looked between the two of them awkwardly, before waving and grabbing their attention to distract from the awkward staring contest. “Thank you for inviting us to your kingdom, Little King John.”

“It was no problem. What did you decide to come for?” John asked, deciding to skip the pleasantries.

“Green Monster and Happyman were looking to find a place to stay here, like they had before the flood.”

That’s right. It was almost easy to forget that the two travellers set up homes almost everywhere they visited, and that included Minecraft before everything happened. They even had quite the profitable business venture.

“You can’t set up another Happy Factory,” John said quickly. “There isn’t enough space.”

“We aren’t looking to. We just want to find a new place to stay,” Happyman explained. “It really is pretty here.”

John tch’ed but didn’t say anything else. If they really wanted to set up here, he wasn’t going to stop them.

“Do you want me to show you around?” Sneezy suggested. “I know where the best places are.”

“That would be nice, Dodger.” Green Monster smiled. Little King John narrowed his eyes.

They quickly walked off with a few goodbyes, leaving him, Ratboy, and Baby alone. John cursed Sneezy. He had it all planned out, didn’t he?

Ratboy stood awkwardly in the middle once again. He paused for a few seconds, then whispered into Baby’s ear. She gave him a quick nod, and then a peck on the cheek, causing him to turn five shades of red.

The commander of a galactic spaceship and the saviour of the universe, and a kiss still made him flustered. Amazing.

John was about to point this out, but was cut off as the genius started to walk away, in the direction of the others.

It seems the rat wanted to go with the others, leaving them alone. No doubt that was all planned. By which of them, he didn’t know, but it didn’t really matter because now they were here, alone together.

Baby sat down on the ground abruptly as Ratboy walked off, smoothing out her skirt. Behind her a waterfall poured, the only sound that could be heard. She patted the ground next to her, motioning for him to sit down.

John slowly did so, keeping ample space between them. They stayed quiet for a few minutes.

“You found the magic in you, right?” Baby asked out of the blue, steering the conversation in a completely different direction than John thought it would go. He wasn’t complaining.

“Yes,” he confirmed.

“What was it activated by?”

“Anger.”

Baby hummed in acknowledgment. “Mine and Ratboy’s is activated by love.”

Great. Just another huge difference between him and Ratboy that exemplified just how much better the genius was compared to him.

“I don’t think he realized it, but his magic was what allowed him to come to this world and save me,” Baby explained. “Back then only Happyman and Green Monster could travel dimensions. But he wanted to save me so much, it activated in his dreams.”

And there it was. The topic they were skirting around. Apparently she just wanted to segue into it.

“We both know why we’re here,” she continued. “I’m not going to lie and say it was fine that you kidnapped me. It was scary at the time, and I’m still mad it happened. But you were a kid. Just like me and Ratboy. Honestly, it feels like it was a dream now, but I still think about it from time to time. It’s not really something that can be ignored, especially now that all this has happened.”

It felt like a dream to her? It made sense, in a way. Sneezy told him that dimensional travel wasn’t always reliable, and to some it might feel like everything was out of place, causing an almost dream-like feeling. Coming to another dimension not of your own volition probably didn’t help. That didn’t make it any less real, though.

“I just want to know... Why did you do it, Little King John?” Baby asked.

And that was the million dollar question, wasn’t it?

Logically, John knew the answer. It was painfully clear, even back then, even when he was so emotionally constipated that he thought kidnapping was a great idea. Logically, he knew it was because he was alone. The only problem was actually admitting that aloud. He hadn’t even managed to talk to Sneezy about it. How was he supposed to spill his thoughts to this girl who he had barely seen in the past however many years?

It didn’t matter how, though. She deserved an answer.

He opened his mouth, closing it a few times before finally spitting out, “I was young and didn’t have anyone.” It took nearly all of his willpower to actually say it, and even then it left a bad taste in his mouth.

Baby didn't look surprised. Obviously she had already figured that out. It was like he was an open book, and everyone had already picked him apart and analyzed him without his consent. All his secrets were already spilled out in the open, and it was painfully clear why he did the things he did. It made him feel... vulnerable.

"You have Buck Dodger with you now, right?" She asked.

"He prefers Sneezy," John bit back, deciding not to answer the unspoken part of her question.

"Does he prefer it, or have you just never asked?" Baby asked, a hint of snark in her voice.

"I have asked. We had a long talk about it. If he wanted to be called Dodger, I'd call him Dodger," John defended, his voice hard. There were only a few things that you didn't touch on with John, and Sneezy was one of them. He'd protect his friends to the ends of Minecraft and back- no, to the ends of the multiverse and back. Because apparently that was a thing.

Baby nodded, looking genuinely taken aback for once. "Right. Sorry," she apologized, and man did that sting. She could say apologies without even a pause, throwing them out like it was easy.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, each waiting for the other to speak up, but neither of them sure what to say. Clearly Baby was waiting for John to say something, justify the past, or say an apology, but clearly that wasn't happening. John was just waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Finally, Baby cleared her throat. "When I don't know what to do, you know what I do? I sing."

And then, despite there being no music, and no real reason, that's exactly what she did.

Just you and I, alone.

We walk a path that no one's gone before

And wonder if we can ever fix what tore.

We sing a song to show the truth

And hope beyond hope it sees us through

It's not an easy challenge to face.

It's not one that I'm ever sure, deserves a place.

***When I hate you, and you hate me,
and it was clearly plain to see
That we were never meant to be alone.
Just you and I, alone.***

Her voice was haunting and beautiful, with a twinge of sadness mixed into it. By some force of nature, John felt compelled to join in. She was right, it really did help. Music spoke in a way that words couldn't.

Just you and I, alone.

The past still shows, and that is true.

But I was young and didn't have a clue

That there was more than I could see

And not everything revolved 'round me

I don't quite know if I can do much more.

Am I still the one that I was before?

I was afraid and scared of unknown

But now I'm scared that I haven't grown.

And once again I'll be left all alone.

Just you and I, alone.

Just you and I, alone.

Just you and I, alone.

Just you and I, alone.

Their voices mixed together at the end, creating a soft canon.

They sat in silence for a few short moments, simply taking in the song and it's meaning. There was a magic about music in this world, and many others, that just simply lead to a deeper understanding. Melodies that allowed words that wouldn't come before to be easily expressed, although sometimes more cryptic than they needed to be. The point always got across, though.

"Baby... Come back here another day. I'll be ready then," John said once the final notes of the song played out, a melody they could clearly hear in their minds.

"Will you be? Because I'm not sure if this is something you can *be* ready for. It just has to happen." Baby scuffed the ground with a foot absentmindedly.

"And I need time to know that when it does happen, I'll say the right things," John clarified. "Right now an apology doesn't feel genuine. And you deserve better than that."

Baby sighed. "Alright, Little King John. I'll be waiting."

And surprisingly, that was okay.

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